



The Angel's Devil



30 1 4

Chapter 1 by Luna

Evangeline

I am an angel. An angel in heaven, to be specific. My name is Evangeline Skye and here is my story of how I fell in love, from my perspective.

Let me start from the beginning, when I was alive.

I was born in San Antonio, Texas in the year 1999 as a twin to my parents, Jennifer Rowland and Robert Skye. My twin brother never really liked me growing up, but I was always fond of him. I just don't know why. We both have the same cinnamon colored hair and blue eyes and freckles on our faces, yet he doesn't consider me his sister. He was a boy and I was a girl, and he thought of all the childish, disgusting things about me and girls in general.

"Mom! Eva touched me! I have cooties!" my brother, Elijah, would shout.

It was pretty funny.

In elementary, junior high, and freshman year in high school, he acted as if he didn't know me, avoiding me at every possible moment. The school, for some reason, thought that the twins should have almost every single class period together. I think that gym was the worst though because he had to be on my soccer team or we had to pair up and run laps around the school together.

I actually had a few friends in High School, the kind of friends you can truly trust. Marianne Hamilton, with her dark olive skin and curly brown hair, was my best friend. Caroline James with her brown hair tied back into a ponytail, her many freckles displayed and Jessica Anderson with her stubborn attitude and nerdy glasses.

We had fun over the years, with Jessica driving us over to the local diner, ordering sodas, fries,

burgers and sundaes, gossiping over the latest high school news and taking the hot walks that came by our booth.

Then, there was the accident.

It was a sleepy day over in

"Mom! I'm going out with my friend! I'll be back soon!" I had shouted

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This part, I remember the most for some reason. Anyways, the drive to the diner was fun. Caroline kept us all entertained with her story about the time she went fishing with her uncle and how she fell into the lake. Actually, it was pretty boring for Marianne and me, but Jess seemed okay with the story, grinning the entire time. Marianne and I took a few selfies, Caroline complaining since she was riding shotgun. We promised to take a few at the diner and we did. As friends, we never break our promises.

After a long night of discussing about how Will Drake and Amanda Smith breaking up while eating double cheeseburgers, we decided to head home. We had already stopped by Marianne's house, heading to my house next when the accident occurred. Caroline was in the backseat, moaning about how she shouldn't have eaten so many french fries, while I was in the back listening.

"Caroline? I love you as a friend and all, but can you please shut up?" Jessica had asked.

"Okay..." she had mumbled.

Then the nearby stop light flashes red and the car jolts to a stop. The car behind us didn't. I hear the crunch of metal and the breaking of glass. My head hits the dashboard and all goes black. Then, I show up here. In heaven. Dead.

I never found out how my parents reacted to my death, or how sad my friends were, if they were alive. If they were dead, I haven't seen them in heaven. I wonder if they even miss me. Heaven is amazing, filled with billions of trees and animal. People live side by side in peace. Everything that once was alive in here, well, except for the people who are down in...hell. Here, hell is a forbidden word. I know how all the angels don't like talking about it. The people down there died doing terrible things, things that hurt humanity. I never will go to hell or go back to earth, living as a completely different person. I plan to stay here for eternity.

Chapter 2 by Luna



Damien

I want to tell you about how I fell in love with a girl, An angel, in fact, from my point of view. I love Evangeline, but first, let me tell you how it all started for me.

I died a violent death that I never tell others about. Until now.

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I was born in Los Angeles, California in 1996 as an only child to Madison Ruiz and Norman Parkwell. I was a spoiled child, getting everything I wanted, but I was lonely. All of the kids at the local elementary avoided me, as if I was the plague. I pretended I didn't care, but I did. It hurts to be rejected.

In junior high, I gained only one friend. Justin Maxwell. The freak of all of sunny Los Angeles, California.

He lives in the basement and his mom is this creepy cat-lady and his dad is a hoarder. His dad is actually a nice guy, and so is his mom, but the cats hated me for some reason, but let's not go there right now. The kid is alright in my opinion, but everyone is school figured that the spoiled rich kid and the weirdo should be besties. He hung out at my house, mainly in my room, but I rarely went over to his house. He moved away in sophomore year, taking all of those hairy cats and special collectibles his dad loves with him.

I was on my own again. I tried to get a girlfriend, but it never worked. I was denied many times. I finally decided that my life was bust, so I started to smoke. And do drugs.

Finally, I snapped.

In senior year, I was being bullied over the local park when I was taking a stroll late at night. I was fiddling with my pocket knife when a car pulled up. A bunch of other seniors got out of the car, walking quickly towards me. I decided to stand my ground. I opened a pack of cigarettes and lit one, taking a long drag.

By the time the seniors reached me, they grabbed my shirt and lifted me off the ground, my black, ash colored hair falling in front of my face.

"Your a freak, you know? You shouldn't go to our school. Freaks don't belong here in Los Angeles. Only the popular ones belong. Time to say goodbye." one said. I realize it was Kent Morris, the most popular senior in the school.

He tossed me aside, my body knocking over a nearby garbage can.

I flipped open my pocket knife and threw my cigarette in the pile of garbage at my feet. The seniors walked closer. I held the knife, to end all of this, when a senior, Kent Morris, snatches it out of my hand, stabs me, and leaves me where I am, letting darkness take over.

I always wondered what heaven was like. Was it peaceful? Was everything the way you

imagined it? Well, I've never seen it. I've never been able to find out how it is. I wish I could go to this dump.

Hell is a rocky dark land filled with flames and demons and these insane people from asylums. I was scared at first, but now I'm used to it. I'm here more now than when I was alive. Even Justin is here, even though he won't share how he died. They aren't always around though.

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I hear a booming voice call my name.

"Damien Parkwell! The master of this realm would like to have a word with you!"

I curse. Satan wants to see me. Now what?

I walk through dark, cold corridors towards a giant, flaming throne. The devil himself smiles at me. He looks as you imagine him.

"Damien Parkwell, nice to see you..." hisses Satan's voice.

"What do you want?" I ask, rolling my eyes.

"You haven't done anything bad. Why do you think you are here, in this realm of darkness and evil?" says Satan, grinning.

"I don't know. Fate, I guess."

"I am sending you back to Earth. You shall not be a living being though..." he keeps grinning.

"No. I'd rather stay here then go up there with all of those...people." I say.

"You have no choice..." he hisses.

Then, the lights turn out and the last thing I hear is Satan's devilish laugh.

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